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Diis aliter visum. VIRG.—

We received the other day from a correspondent in the country, a complimentary letter, containing, among other particulars, a request that we would notice occasionally in our future numbers, such American productions,

as either have already arisen, or shall hereafter issue from the press. Thanking the writer for the honor he has designed to confer upon our literary labors, we proceed, in the present paper, to offer a few remarks to him and to the public, on the main subject of the epistle itself.

By all the writers either absurd or deluded, who have endeavored by their successive attempts, to embellish the fame, or elevate the taste of the inhabitants of this Western world, were to rise in array before us, we should indeed be compelled literally to name them a "chosen few." The progress towards amendment, if it is in reality commenced, proceeds but by slow degrees. The productions even of our trans-atlantic brethren, find

but a cold reception, when transported from the seats of their patronage, to try the rigor of this harsher clime. But the efforts of originality genius begin, but to flutter for a season in delusive bloom, and expire in the gloom of obscurity. The talent which which our country refuses the assistance of her maternal hand, wearied by failure, and hopeless of success, seeks in the protection of a foreign land, the encouragement it finds not at home: receives the meed of honor for empty expectations, and the chaplet of laurel for the crown of thorns.

The patrons of American genius, if any claim the appellation, deny with their tongues, what they confess with their actions. The bond or the effort-

ist, might alike slumber unnoticed on the shelves, if unknown to fame, and springing from the shade. Whether it be from the national vanity of our countrymen, or that restlessness which cannot abide the precepts of solid truth, and sober reality; or from whatever source the evil springs, it is evident, that no native volume thrives, but that which amuses by its popularity, and allures by its flattery. While these topics of present attention, recommend only by their application to what is passing before our eyes, are seized with eagerness, and live their day, more lofty aspirations of genius, and exertions of intellect, prolong not a

waking hour, nor command a anxious eye.

In this way we may accurately account for the paucity of original efforts, in this quarter of the world. He who thinks amid the distractions of care, and the cravings of want; whose subsistence depends upon the labors of his pen, and the feeling of the public; will not voluntarily yield the fruits of his exertions to those who will not be at the pains either to discover his merits, or to pry into his faults. who would consume years in anxious hope, and doubtful expectation; in finishing with care, and revising with diligence; only to reap in the end, the misery of neglect, & the degradation of dependence? All, in whatever mode their toils contribute to the general good, must fix their resting-place in the spot, where encouragement may animate their struggles, and strengthen their

confidence: and the unheeded author, in common with the rest who work without the recompence of reward, will seek, like the winged travellers of the sky, in some more genial region, a retreat from the chilling blast, and a shelter from the wintry storm. To pine in solitude, with the consciousness of those powers which deserve a better fate, is more than fortitude can endure, when a happier settlement invites the exhausted bodies, and calls the fainting heart.

If then there are so few specimens before us of native talent; so few whom our country would delight to honor, from the appearances that have already been made; those who have had the fortune to be distinguished from the general mass, must, of course, be too thoroughly known, and too firmly re-

pected, to need any notice from the pens of the writers who labor at the present day. To revive any commendatory criticisms on those who live in the thoughts and the memory of every intelligent American, would be to tamper with the feelings, and to ridicule the understanding. We leave their well-earned glory to the reverence of those who live, and the justice of the generations that shall succeed. None can be so occupied with selfish interests, or so lulled into torpid indifference, as to forget those solitary great ones, whose effulgence is the blazing beacon that guides our steps to fame.

But we have passed by the melancholy notice of those who, however their names may form the topic of some future homily-ist, at present are veiled from

our view. But it would be to no purpose at present to attempt to release them from the dungeons of oblivion and silence. They must sleep in lonely darkness, till time and the hour bid their names begin to live. As yet, it is not the season. That period of literary curiosity has not arrived, in which we would relinquish for a space the gratification of momentary pleasure, to rescue from infamy the treasures of genius, recommended only by their own character, & splendid by the lustre of native merit. If the proper spirit of inquiry at present prevailed, an abundant field would open for active labor, and diligent research. ~~Those most have learnedly~~ Out of those who have appeared at different times on this section of the earth, and who have been interred in the repub-

dues of their fathers. There must have been many, who only required opportunities of display, for that talent which has never yet been seen. Times however must alter, or the task will never commence.

Let none therefore be so sanguine as to expect, that this growing region is yet ripe for the encouragement of literary excellence, in whatever shape it may appear, and from whatever source it may proceed. It is only in the land that has braved the storm of ages, that we can see that resistless ardor, by which talent is only known, to be fostered in its infancy, and reared in its maturer strength. The time has yet to come, when criticism shall but lift her majestic voice, and the poet, the philosopher, and the sage, shall start like magic on the

scene: when the refiner of public taste, and the moral advocate of truth, shall no longer be considered as the mercenary hireling writing when he cannot subsist, and craving the pittance of bounty from hands unwilling to give.

What will be our course of proceeding with respect to such efforts of American genius as shall from time venture upon the trial of public opinion, it is impossible at present to decide. Our future conduct in this particular must be entirely governed by circumstances and expediency. If neither they: whose business it is to nourish the rising talent of the nation, nor the generality of those who profess the love of letters; will make any effectual exertions

in so beneficial a cause, it certainly cannot be thought that our feeble voices can arouse into life and vigor the slumbering energies of the people. Abler hands ~~than ours~~ have wielded the weapons of reproof, and laid them aside without effecting the object for which their labors were begun. Nevertheless, although the prospect is covered with so dark a shade; though complaint has been without profit, and admonition of little avail; yet if any arguments we ~~could~~ can offer, or any inducements we can afford, to enforce general attention to a important a subject as we have at this time laid before our readers, have any appearance of obtaining success, we shall

apply to the task with ~~ready~~ pens, ~~and~~ and cheerful hearts.

Q.